HER ATONEMENT.

By CARO-LOUISE CLARK.

CHAPTER I.

Katherine Weatherly sat alone in the little north studio.

Katherine Weatherly sat alone in the little north studio, gazing long at the bit of landscape framed in by the lower half window—the red sunset across the snow, the thread of river tangled among far away hills, and the tall red chimney of the distant foundry towering with as much dignity as though it marked the site of a famous battle or the burial place of a hero. At a little distance a cluster of houses—their bright sides turned toward the setting sun—gave an inhabited look to the landscape, and a rising whiff of smoke from the yellow brown chimney of a yellow brown house near by assured Katherine that she was not the sole inhabitant of the universe.

This little north studio, unfurnished save by a huge fur rug and the necessary chairs and easel, together with some studio "properties"—bits of drapery and the like—was nevertheless lavishly decorated as to its walls, where charcoal Apollos and Minervas and numerous sightless crayon people hung in profusion, together with dashy little water color landscapes, sepia sketches, still life studies, and some mere ambitious attempts from life. Katherine Weatherly herself, sitting in the fading light, might have made an interesting study in monochrome with her dove gray gown, her face so wan and pale, almost ashy in hue, and the soft rings of her hair gray—ah, so gray.

Yet she was not old. Only twenty-four years had passed over that fair head, but sorrow had dwelt much with her; her happy days were easily numbered. In childhood little Katherine Star had had a loveless home. At 18 she married Roger Weatherly, thinking her sorrows were ended and life had begun at last. They went abroad for a time. Means were not lacking. Life broadened. No longer drear and monotonous, it was bright and eventful, fleeing all too fast. On their return from Europe the young couple went to Southwick, the early home of the Weatherlys before so many of that family had died and gone. A short lived race were they, and Roger, the only remaining Weatherly, was not favored above his kin, so that the old homestead at Southwick proved not an abiding home for him, for the consumptive tendencies which were part of his birthright became stronger than tendencies and finally gained the mastery.

So Katherine Weatherly, widowed at 20, with an infant son and resources somewhat depleted through mismanagement, had to face life and her child's future with what courage she could muster. There was something left of her husband's portion and a small annuity of her own, but economy was needful to maintain the home, and that in due time the boy's education might be compassed.

Katherine's love of art had been the rainbow on the storm cloud of her life. In her young girlhood always drawing, in after years she was permitted a few lessons with colors; and after her marriage, in the happy traveling days, she had seized with avidity every chance offered for lessons—in Paris, studies from the antique; at Nice, in water colors; in Munich and Dresden, in oils from life. So that a fair art education, albeit somewhat desultory, was hers, and what time she gave to her art, together with the care of her child, occupied all her days.

Although thus fully engrossed there were yet many lonely hours when courage faltered and heart failed. Katherine Weatherly was a woman of deepest sensibilities, of warm heart and earnest sympathies. Few thought it, however. A cool reserve concealed in large degree her true nature. This reserve, natural to her, had been intensified by her surroundings all her life, and now her grief but increased it. With the outside world she had very little to do. Her child, her art, her home constituted her world. The other occupants of that home were old Prudence, the housekeeper at the old manse from time immemorial, and John Pidgin, the boy, who by caring for the horse and the garden earned his home and schooling.

The little town of Southwick dated its early history back into colonial times, and many of its families were descended from Revolutionary heroes and worthies of that time. The architecture of many of its buildings bore the stamp of those early days—some of them quite English, some considerably Dutch; altogether colonial were the dwellings in the quaint streets of the old village. The north end was almost a new town of itself, which knew not old Southwick—the busy, enterprising, iron manufacturing end—the thrifty sprout on last year's bulb. North End was modern, progressive, commercial; Southwick a memory of what had been.

The old Weatherly homestead was a little out of old Southwick—a rambling stone house, well supplied with the wooden balconies and gothic windows which were the pride of the period in which it was erected. A mansion it was considered in its day, built for hospitality and festivity, as was testified by its ample dining room, its numerous guest chambers and spacious ballroom in the third story. It was a fairly homelike place in this later day, with its wide fireplaces and broad, sunny windows, its old time furnishings, comfortable and inviting though antiquated, and Katherine's foreign knickknacks enlivening sundry niches and corners; albeit a gentle decay was here and there observable, leaving the old manse but a semblance of its former pretension to boast of. Fernwood the place had always been called, the dense woods on the east whose tiny ravines were fringed with maidenhair and plumy ferns giving occasion to the name. On the south sparsely wooded slopes gravitated gently toward the old town so picturesquely laid out, while from the north windows of Fernwood could be discerned the chimneys and spires of North End.

I have strayed away from Katherine Weatherly in her studio window, gazing out at the dying winter day, feeling life so drear, so overborne by cares and griefs. A feeling of vague apprehension was drifting upon her. Her child—little Star—was ill, and yet no worse than he had often been. He was sleeping quietly now for a little while, and Katherine had stolen away from him to watch for the coming of Dr. Van Duyn, for whom John Pidgin had been dispatched some time since.

"I shall feel so safe about my child if Dr. Van Duyn but rides past the house," she thought. In another moment the doctor stood by her side. He had stooped and touched her arm ere she discovered his presence.

"I came from Southwick," he said. "Are you ill? What is it, child?"

The tender, questioning look in those dark eyes, his sympathetic tone, his very presence comforted her sore heart inexpressibly. How she longed to lay her tired head on that strong arm and weep her sorrows all away!

"No, Dr. Van Duyn, it is Star, but he is better. Ah, he is better now," she said, with a glad little laugh of assurance, while but a moment before care and anxiety had formed the very warp and woof of her heart's fibre.

She took him to the child, who had just wakened. The strong man lifted the flaxen haired baby in his arms and carried him out to the open fire in the

The strong man lifted the flaxen haired baby in his arms.

library. He did not count his pulse nor look at his tongue. He only held him very close. Katherine, sitting by, felt her fears depart, and such peace and content settle down upon her that glad, grateful tears would start in spite of her. A fair group were they to look upon—the middle aged doctor, a man of powerful physique, with face rugged and bronzed from exposure, but whose deep brown eyes were very kind and very sympathetic, and in spite of the heavy brigand like mustache which concealed the mouth there was tenderness in the face; ah, there was love there as he gazed into the eyes of the woman at his side, she of such beautiful mien, yet so unusual.

The great rings of soft silver hair, almost white, formed striking contrast to her dark eyebrows and deep hazel eyes, whose fringe of long brown lashes offset the fleeting color in that delicately modeled face. Early grief had blanched those locks from bronze to silver, while as yet her face, when interested and vivacious, was young and girlish. The third figure in the group, little Star Weatherly—"Starry Weather" as he called himself—although now pale and ill was a most picturesque child, a Van Dyke child, with great dreamy eyes and art hair, flaxen and soft and loosely curling. A child mature beyond his five years, one who could converse with Dr. Van Duyn upon the origin and destiny of Santa Claus, and who could follow John Pidgin, the stable boy, in most of his theological vagaries; for John Pidgin had many fine flights of fancy in his roof chamber under the eaves. John Pidgin was speculative. John Pidgin had many theories.

Dr. John Van Duyn had long loved Katherine Weatherly. He had told her so once when he gave her back to herself and her child after a long, low fever. He asked for them both then to come into his lonely life and let him live and care for them. Katherine shrank from the thought at that time. Roger Weatherly, four years dead, was still her husband, albeit not always had he been a kind husband; and in startling moments of her married life had she discovered that her love for the proud, self centered man was not strong and all absorbing as when she first knew him. So that his death was something of a reproach to her, and that with the final saddenness and the pathos of it all benumbed and terrified her heart; and while there was not the deepest grief there at his death there was yet deepest self condemnation, there was the awe and after loneliness, all of which combined bore the semblance of deep grief to Katherine's mind—the features of grief without its soul.

So was she held from entertaining the slightest thought of love for another. The very suggestion seemed abhorrent to her.

Long they sat on this winter day by the library fire, the doctor and Katherine and little Star in occasional converse, quiet, subdued, happy to be together. The little French clock on the mantel disturbed the serenity of the room more than they. The child dozed off again, his fair head pillowed on the doctor's arm. Van Duyn carried him back to his little cot, and after covering him soft and warm, with a touch gentle as a woman's, he led Katherine back to her seat by the fireside, where he told her the story of how his days were passed, and how he was bridging over the present—blank and comfortless—with the hope that he might some day win her; that she had grown so dear—so dear; and could she not hold out just a little rushlight of assurance that some time such a thing might be possible—just a faint glimmer that would light him through the dreary present. But, no; no she could not. It must never be. He must not talk to her of marriage.

"Oh, Dr. Van Duyn," she cried, "your coming comforted me so, but only to disturb and disquiet me again. I thought I could rely upon you, my trusted physician, my friend, and I so friendless."

Stifling a sob she went on in a dry, even voice:

"Dr. Van Duyn, never again speak of this to me. I did not call you upon such an errand. Star shall not fall ill again if I can prevent it."

Cruel words from those fair lips, words that cut deep. Overcome with humiliation and contrition, hurt to the quick, the fervor and tenderness now all gone, Van Duyn dropped Katherine's hand and left her side. Not trusting himself to speak he strode over to the window—a quaint oriel window, through whose diamond shaped panes he could look out on last year's rose garden standing gaunt, bereft, dead from blasted hopes.

When he could subdue his voice and his heart he came back to her.

"Far be it from me, Katherine Weatherly, to presume upon any professional privilege I may have in so far as to thrust personal matters unwillingly upon you. God knows I meant to help carry your burden, not to impose anything additional upon you."

He paused a moment, a deathly pallor on his face, his hands firmly locked together. Approaching her by one step he added in a quiet tone:

"Katherine, forgive me. I had hoped that perhaps this might be. I have wanted you so. But believe me when I tell you I will never distress you in this way again."

Without another word or glance at her he turned to go. At the outer door he hesitated. He came back.

"Child," he said, in the same constrained voice, not his own, "promise me one thing. If you or the child is ill you will call me—promise!"

The tides of pity and contrition came sweeping in over her heart, but rallying with a tremendous effort she replied, with an assumed lightness:

"Oh, yes; I will promise that. There is no other physician at North End, you know."

He turned full upon her for one long moment those deep, unfathomable eyes. His very soul came out to her in that expression of wounded love and pride and stricken hope. She quailed before that look. She could not brook it.

In another moment he was gone, and, as in the steely, cold light of the winter moon, she saw him stride down the snowy garden path, his broad hat low over his eyes, his fur coat gathered under his arm, she began to realize what she had done. A feeling of loneliness and desolation, which she had not imagined possible when Van Duyn was present, crept over her, benumbing and chilling her heart, while her brain seemed burning as with fever.

"Why do I always treat him so! Why am I roused to ever oppose that true heart for whose regard I do care, oh, I do care!"

Dashing away the rising tears she went to her child's cot, and, throwing herself down, buried her hot face deep in the pillows by his side.

CHAPTER II.

She caught one glimpse of the fleet horse, flying wheels and a familiar figure.

It was a lowering night in early June. The sky was overcast—actually downcast in its gloom. Flashes of lightning revealed banks of fleecy cloud growing somber and sullen as they approached the west. The night air was heavy with scents of blossoming trees and early garden flowers. The day had been oppressive and unseasonable, as though an August day had hastened in upon the stage at the wrong cue.

At the old house at Fernwood the silver haired mistress stood leaning against the lintel of the wide front door, listlessly watching the progress of the storm, while on the steps below sat little Star with John Pidgin, and on a garden seat nearby old Prudence, the housekeeper, knitting in hand, her busy needles occasionally glistening in the almost languid flashes of heat lightning.

John Pidgin, who between his gardening and his "'ostling" managed to imbibe a little geometry and physiology at the North End high school—John the rude of speech and uncouth of manner, was going some time to study theology, perhaps eventually to preach to his people, the poor whites in the south. "If the spirit is willin' and the flesh not too powerful weak," he sometimes said. As he sat watching the somber sky to-night his conversation with Prudence took a theological turn, and greatly amused Katherine as fragments of it drifted to her ears.

"No," he was saying, "the Lord don't confide in me very much as to his calculations for my future. He is the non-committalest upon that subject of any one I've tackled for advice. P'raps I ought to been more self abnegatin' and stayed on at the place and learned cobblin'. Or," he added, with a sigh, "if 'ostle I must, I will 'ostle to the point of martyrdom."

Prudence having no objections to offer he was silent for awhile, but soon a remark from her brought out the startling declaration that "Brother Milford is a powerful expounder, but when it comes to devotion, to downright consecration, Brother Tombs can knock the daylight outen him."

Katherine laughed aloud in spite of herself. "Are you there, mamma?" asked Star. "See the big red light over at North End. Is it a fire? What is it, mamma?"

At this John Pidgin sprang up with a startled look. There began to be steps in the street and horses' feet and wagons, men hurrying by, with now and then a hasty word to each other—Southwick people in haste for once.

"The warehouses, the flouring mills."

"The Methodist church."

"St. Luke's hospital," they heard at intervals. Ah! how Katherine's heart stopped beating. St. Luke's hospital! If Dr. Van Duyn should be there! He was always there. If he should be hurt! Alack, she who had so cruelly hurt him now cried to heaven for his safety. What a choking feeling in her throat at thought of his danger. In a flash she saw what life would be without him; to have him never again for physician, for friend—oh, for something more than friend; for at that moment, and as never before, strong, overmastering love for John Van Duyn, the noble, self sacrificing man—so strong, so gentle, so patient, swept over her, flooding her heart like a mighty torrent against which she was powerless. She knew then that she had never before known love. In all the world he was the one to whom her whole being turned. Her heart lay in his hand as a jewel to be cherished, or a worthless pebble to be spurned and flung away. Hot tears sprang to her eyes—tears of joy, tears of contrition, of alarm, of many mingled emotions. She hardly knew when or how she got into the light wagon with John Pidgin, to speed along over the dark road, lit only by the fitful red light of the increasing flames.

On reaching North End they stopped at the school house steps, where with many others they could look down on the red docks and the flaming warehouses now given up for lost. The church and the hospital might perchance be saved. Two women under one light shawl stood near Katherine watching the progress of the fire and recounting the scenes in the street below.

"There goes a load of flour barrels and some pews from the Methodist church."

"There's the organ and the ten commandments," said the second speaker, "and a covered carriage—hospital patients, I shouldn't wonder."

"Oh, see!" said the taller woman, with a rasping voice; "there's Dr. Van Duyn in his two wheeler. Guess he's carrying off that pretty little nurse—Miss What's-er-Name?"

"Miss Stauffer—Angela Stauffer. Foreigner, I reckon. They do say she is going to marry Dr. Van Duyn. Hope she is worth him."

"Looks like they're savin' the church, don't it?"

How odious those women were in their coarse comments! How chill the night was growing. How the flames, now getting under control, seemed like the fires of the under world consuming all that was bright and beautiful in this world that had once been fair.

A glance into the street below confirmed to Katherine Weatherly's eyes the talk of the gossiping women. She caught one glimpse of the fleet horse, flying wheels and a familiar figure, supporting on his arm an almost prostrate form. The red light was on everything, on that strong face which, turning for a moment with a quick gesture to look back at the fire, revealed to Katherine the well known features, the bushy brows—almost she fancied she could discover the kindly but reproachful eyes, which now would probably never again look into hers.

Angela Stauffer—she had forgotten the very name until thus rudely recalled to her. Van Duyn had spoken of her more than once, had remarked upon her name—Angela.

"A veritable angel she is," he had said at one time; "so the patients think. She sings to them in the twilight when they are able to listen." At another time he said:

"Little Angela, the nurse, has the voice of an angel. Last night she sang something like this:

> Sleep, dear one, sleep, and well for thee
> Such rest is thine.
> The fate to walk life desolate
> Alone is mine.

'Twas pathetic. She has the heartache, I'm sure, or she couldn't sing so."

How Katherine recalled every word, branded upon her heart now as by fire.

"Let us go home, John," she said, "it is all over;" and as they took their homeward way in the fading light of the dying flames she felt that the light had gone out of her life as well, leaving only darkness through the coming days. That light so kindly, so benignant her own hand had rudely quenched.

Angela Stauffer! Angela Stauffer! How the name rang in her ears. She woke at midnight from a vivid dream of a young girl, her brows bound with a wreath of flame, singing with the "voice of an angel":

> The fate to walk life desolate
> Alone is mine.

Summer advanced with ardor, waxed and waned. The cool of the year drew on apace. The groves about Fernwood turned from emerald to ruby and garnet, then sobered down to dull topaz. Katherine was much out of doors with Star, who had not been well through the summer. Twice had he lain very low. She had called Dr. McNeil, the old Scotch physician, from Southwick. Not in pride, not in revenge had she called in the new and forsaken the old. Katherine was very humble now. Her past was ever before her, sometimes to accuse and reproach, always to humble and soften her. No one would call her proud now nor haughty. But she had called Dr. McNeil in order to spare herself and out of pity to herself.

"I cannot endure to see what I have lost," she thought; "that might have been mine, but which now belongs to another."

She did not know that by so doing she was wounding yet more that true heart which was trying to believe that Katherine Weatherly would never more be aught to him; that by rejecting his help—which she had promised never to do—she had cast away forever all thought of him.

On one of these fall mornings, as she walked the wood paths with Star, gathering the few late wildflowers, John Pidgin came through the grove, market basket in hand, on his return from "relic huntin'," as he termed his marketing, in his contempt for northern grown garden stuff. "As purty as a picter'!" he exclaimed aloud as his appreciative eyes caught sight of the beautiful mistress of Fernwood, her lilac gown dropping down in long folds from beneath a little shoulder wrap very soft and white and clinging. Her crown of snow white hair—ah, white now as the driven snow—her dark brows and darker eyes, the fluttering pink of her cheek, formed a picture indeed, so quaintly sweet, so poetic one might fancy she had stepped down from an old bit of Dresden china into the midst of the dry autumn weed and the dying year. Little Star at her side was very like his mother in feature, the same straight brows and brilliant eyes. His dark coat and scarlet cap were in pretty contrast to Katherine's garments—so dainty and ethereal in coloring.

John Pidgin's admiration of "the Missus" was unbounded. He had stood patiently for hours, and sat uncomplainingly on a relentless wooden chair for many a half day while Katherine made various charcoal attitudes and oil studies of him. His plain but honest face hung in the Loan exhibition at North End for the benefit of St. Luke's hospital and the mission to Ramapatam, the study being chosen rather for its vigorous execution than for any ideal qualities in the subject.

"I heard tell some news over to North End, Miss Katherine," began John in his drawling voice. "The Methodist minister is welcomin' his seventh daughter (Bible number) and both the nusses are leavin' St. Luke's today. Miss Loomis is goin' to polish up at a tumor-and-cancer hospital in New York, and little Miss Stuffer is goin' home to get married."

Katherine bent low over a clump of goldenrod, her whitening face deep in the feathery blooms.

"She has a purty face, little Miss Stuffer, and they'll miss her voice in the choir come Christmas and Easter," continued John.

Still no response.

"Wonder how the cowboys and ranchers will appreciate her singin'—Te Deums and such," John chuckled with a sense of his superior culture. "She's goin' to live on the frontier, you know."

Katherine turned like a statue on its pedestal.

"Whom does she marry, John?"

"Oh, some blood relation or other, uncle or cousin, they say. That's contrary to Church o' England doctoring. Miss Stuffer 'pears middlin' pious, too. I reckon she must have skipped the last pages of the prayer book. Torn out, perhaps."

But Katherine had fled the place.

"What ails your mother, Star, boy? I think she's took with a chill or a faintin' spell. She looked so scared like, and as white as this celery stick that's been underground for months and just come to the light o' day. Let's go in and see."

CHAPTER III.

"Oh, Dr. Van Duyn," she cried; "I have been so cruel—so unjust."

The November chill was in the air. A cold rain was falling quietly, except when irritated by a restless wind which listed to blow occasionally on Southwick and anon at North End with perfect impartiality.

Dr. Van Duyn, wrapped in his heavy mink coat as in midwinter, came hurriedly down his office steps for a ten mile drive. A man of powerful physique, sturdy health and correspondingly sturdy spirits, he yet contemplated this long wet journey with positive dread. Life had become drear and uninteresting to this man—himself so gloriously endowed with all that makes life interesting to others. His ambition seemed paralyzed, hope benumbed. He looked forward to the future as something perhaps endurable because perforce incurable.

As he stood at his horse's head on this wet night drawing on his gloves John Pidgin appeared suddenly around the corner, driving in haste. He crossed over to the doctor.

"Juicy evening, sir," said John, touching his hat, and without another word he laid a little white note into the doctor's ungloved hand and was gone. Van Duyn did not go into the country that night. 'Twas only a case of chronic rheumatism aggravated by the weather. The weather and the rheumatism would be better tomorrow. He went back into the office, Katherine's little missive next his heart. He lighted the room deliberately, removed his heavy coat and sat down by the fire.

"This is all a happy delusion," he said; "let it last awhile." But after a little he took out Katherine's note. Could it be true, actually a word from her who had been so long dead to him. He read it at last:

DR. VAN DUYN: I believe I am ill. I know I am very lonely and desolate. Is there no panacea for such a disorder, or is it perhaps fatal? Will you come to Fernwood? KATHERINE WEATHERLY.

Later, as he came in out of the black, unfriendly night, out of the chill and sleet into the glow and warmth and brightness of the little library at Fernwood, he seemed to leave behind him all the old cheerless life, with its burden of longing and "hope deferred." Katherine in her soft gray gown, with a mass of deep red chrysanthemums in her belt, was more beautiful than ever. As John Van Duyn looked into that lovely face, so pure and pale, there was an expression there that he had never marked before. In the droop of the eyelids and the sweep of the lashes there was a suggestion of melancholy which moved him deeply. Had he been unkind? had he added aught to her burden of life? He tried to review the past year. Had he been unforgiving where he should have been friendly? almost vindictive at times when he should always have trusted her? Occupied thus in retrospection and self accusation he had no word to say. Long he stood gazing into the open fire, self reproachful to be sure, but, ah, so happy and content to be with her again.

"Ah!" thought Katherine, "why can he not speak to me? Why can he not say something beyond a mere 'Good evening?' There is the weather at least. Is he so estranged that he cannot even inquire for my health, as any acquaintance would do?"

Her pride rose within her. Why had she sent for him? Why did he not see the delicacy of her position and come to her rescue by word or look even? All at once it became extremely difficult, even absurd, for her to tell him that he had grown very dear to her; to tell him that he had mistaken her own heart; that there was nothing there but deepest regard for him—aye, love, strong and unchanging. It was impossible to tell him, as he stood there so absorbed in thought, so unresponsive, that she could never live without him. And then the cold thought came over her, "What if he cares for another that I know not of, and I have written him to come to me; that I am lonely and desolate?"

Pride and self respect became rampant.

"He shall not glory in my humiliation; he shall never know that I care for him," and then, feeling as though she were dancing on the ruins of her own heart, she said lightly, with a pretty toss of her silver head, "Oh, doctor, that is a grand pose! Nestor, or one of the Greek gods—Hercules, perhaps—or an Amazon. Let me get my charcoals and do you in black and white. Head slightly more to the left, chin a little up. Oh, doctor, you've spoiled it! Now you are Mephisto with the red light on your face. What is new at North End?" she hurried on. "John Pidgin heard from his home in the south today that it was middlin' measly and mumpy down there, with considerable chicken pops. It is not so bad at North End, I hope."

Not a word from the great dark man standing now with his back to the fire and looking down at her with an expression in those deep eyes hard to fathom, an expression of surprise, of disapproval, she fancied; of pity, perchance.

"What is the news from the hospital?" she hastened on, "and weren't they sorry to lose the pretty Angela, and does she still sing 'I alone am desolate,' or words to that effect?"

Now he roused himself.

"No, child, she does not, because it would not be true. She would not be the only one who is 'lonely and desolate.'"

The disapproving eyes burned and stung her. Bounding to her feet she stood like some wild thing at bay.

"Dr. Van Duyn," she panted, "Dr. Van Duyn, you are cruel, you are merciless to throw my own words at me so! You, whom people call humane! How could I ever think you were kind or tender? You are well qualified to be a surgeon; you could cut one's heart out without a tremor of pity or remorse. You—you"—and bursting into a torrent of tears she sank down on the low divan in the farthest corner of the room.

He did not go to her at once. John Van Duyn was a deliberate man, a man of few mistakes, acting only upon forethought and conviction, and then carrying that conviction in his very tread. When Katherine's hottest tears were shed, when the pain and resentment had all died out, Van Duyn went over to her. He sat down by her side, and taking first one hand and then the other in his own he gradually drew her to himself.

"Child," he said, so tenderly, yet so earnestly, "child, let me say this—do not resent it, I beg of you; but you are lonely, you are desolate, perhaps you are ill. You said so. I have come to Fernwood, as you bade me. I have come to you. No, do not draw away. I have said I should never ask for you again, but oh, child, I want you—I want you!"

As he drew her closer he looked into her dark eyes for the answer to his unasked question.

"Oh, Dr. Van Duyn," she cried; "I have been so cruel—so unjust. I have asked help and counsel from others when I wanted you. Not in pride or resentment, but because I did not understand. I—I misconstrued some things. If I can ever atone"——

"Child," he said so tenderly, drawing that fair head very close to his heart, "give me yourself to be my very own. Then shall you be your own atonement."

THE END.

He Disappointed Them.

An Indiana minister told one of his deacons that he would church him if he umpired a game of baseball. The deacon went out and umpired, but he was not churched. Both clubs fell upon him and hammered away until nothing was left to hold a trial over.—Detroit Free Press.

A Good Reason.

"I wish you wouldn't look so lovingly at that Arab," remarked young Dolley to Miss Amy as they inspected the curiosities in the side show."

"Why not?" asked Amy.

"Because I don't like you to waste your sweetness on the desert heir."—Judge.

Characteristics of the Texans.

Texas, settled as it is with immigrants from every part of the Union and of Europe, presents such a variety of character among its people that it will be hard to say what is their most prominent trait. The personal characteristics which used to distinguish them are changing. In early times their lives as pioneers were so hard and fraught with danger that it made them grave and even severe, but now they have become decidedly a gay people, pleasure loving and pleasure seeking. Formerly a rigid plainness and severity marked their lives and surroundings. At this day, even in the counties remote from the centers of population, their tastes have become more luxurious. They crave the elegancies and refinements of life, which is but the natural effect of the superior facilities for education which distinguish the state.

Yet with the simplicity has disappeared much of the hospitality of the olden time; the warm and unquestioning welcome grows rarer each day, and the entertainment of guests is more a matter of calculation or distant social obligation than a spontaneous outpouring of hospitable hearts. Yet away off upon the frontier are still found, here and there, specimens of those strong, brave early settlers who live literally with their lives in their hands, establishing themselves far beyond the outposts of civilization, not knowing at what time the red men might raid upon them and lay their homes in ashes. Sturdy houses these, stockades they might better be called, built of heavy upright logs, with thatched or sodded roofs, houses that are forts as well as homes. And there is found a rare hospitality which asks no questions, but entertains the wayfarer, giving him all that he requires and that their store affords "without money and without price."—Lee C. Harby in Harper's.

Saved by a Dog's Presence of Mind.

A direful accident to six men on a handcar near East Helena a short time ago was only averted by the intelligence of a dog. A large Newfoundland dog was in the habit of following the men on their daily trip down the road, and like all dogs it was ambitious to keep up with its masters. One evening when the men were returning from work the dog took the lead, and there was a spirited race. The animal was only a short distance ahead, and instead of leaving the track and falling in the rear kept going at a great speed.

The men never thought of danger till the car rounded a curve and came suddenly upon a long trestle, with the dog no more than twenty feet ahead. He did not realize the danger until he came to the trestle. The men were horror stricken and expected to be thrown from the track and perhaps killed. The intelligent dog knew the danger instantly. It flattened itself between the ties, and the car passed safely over without ruffling a hair. It was the most remarkable piece of intelligence ever exhibited by a dumb animal. It could not go forward; to stand still was death to the dog as well as men. It was too late to jump, so the intelligent animal crouched and saved its own life as well as the men on the car.—Helena Independent.

FROM EMILY FAITHFULL.

She Writes About the Revived English Silk Industry.

[Special Correspondence.]

LONDON, June 10.—During my last visit to America I was greatly impressed with the efforts of the National Silk Culture association in Philadelphia and the various experiments brought to my notice in California in relation to this industry, so I venture to think that a few words about a most successful movement to revive the trade in England will be read with interest on your side of the Atlantic, especially by those who recognize that ladies are in the present day the real patronesses of this industry, for our gallants no longer wear, as in the Tudor days, the silken garments, velvets and brocades for which the lords of creation were then famous.

The success achieved already by a little band of ladies of high degree is not only satisfactory as regards the special work itself, but is significant of what can be accomplished by a few women for the good of their country and their sex. The indifference of women to misery "outside their own rose covered walls" is certainly giving way to a genuine interest in all that concerns their temporal as well as spiritual welfare; and what better proof of this could be found than in the fact that one of the finest ballrooms in one of our most aristocratic squares was given up by its owners, Lord and Lady Egerton, of Tatton, in the first blush of the London season, to a display of the artistic products of British silk looms, in the hope of encouraging this important native industry and raising the standard of English taste?

The exhibition was the result of the untiring efforts made under the leadership of the popular Princess Mary Adelaide, Duchess of Teck. A ladies' committee was formed of which her royal highness was the president, and the Duchess of Abercorn, the Marchioness of Lothian, the Marchioness of Londonderry, the Countess of Zetland, the Countess Spencer, the Countess of Wharncliffe, the Countess of Rosebery, the Countess of Latham, Lady Arthur Hill, Baroness Burdett-Coutts, Lady Knutsford, Lady Rothschild, Lady Wantage, Lady Egerton of Tatton (honorary secretary) and the Hon. Mrs. Percy Mitford have really been unremitting in their labors.

The opening day was a notable one; the Princess Mary and her beautiful daughter, Princess Victoria, were there to do the honors to the Princess of Wales and her daughters, the Duchess of Edin-

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burgh, Duchess of Fife and the flower of the English aristocracy. Nor did it end there. Every day the exhibition remained open one or more of the ladies who have done such good service on the committee have been present in a similar capacity. In the preface to the catalogue which the committee published the Countess of Latham dwelt on "the inexorable will of fashion," and deplored that "it had set its seal on French fabrics."

The critics who examined the silk fabrics displayed at Lady Egerton's felt bound to acknowledge that the English made goods, for beauty of design and excellence of material, held their own, not only for furniture, but in the more dainty kinds of silks. The question is not one without interest to the American public, for I am able to state, on the authority of one of the leading manufacturers, that a vast quantity of British silk is now bought there.

With regard to England it is, indeed, a most important question. In 1828 the silk weaving center of Spitalfields possessed 25,000 looms and found employment for 62,000 workpeople; now there are not more than 600 looms working and 1,100 workpeople employed, and great distress and poverty exist in this district in consequence, and if care is not taken the weavers' art will die for mere want of encouragement.

Among the most interesting of the exhibits at St. James's square is a loom making brocaded dress silk under the charge of George Clarke, the head weaver, who won the first prize in 1868 given by the Worshipful Weavers' company. Some of the brocade which he was making had no less than twelve colors in it. The warp of the loom contained 190,680 threads, through which the shuttle passed 3,288 times in one yard of work. This exquisite brocade has a groundwork of softest dove pink, which, by the way, is not counted in the twelve colors of the brocade. There is also a lovely fabric with a fawn ground, and a design of birds and flowers which is often used for paneling. Another fabric is a beautiful white material, with a scroll of moss green and flowers of several hues. It is sixty-three inches wide, and the very best workmen can only weave half a yard a day.

Among the lady exhibitors may be mentioned Mrs. Ernest Hart, of the Donegal industrial fund, who sent some embroidered coverlets and panels; Mrs. Heitland, a fan made of English materials; Mrs. Danvers Taylor, a peach figured satin, striped with green, 100 years old. There were several specimens of the excellent work done at the Royal School of Art Needlework on view, and Miss Charlotte Robinson (home art decorator to her majesty) displayed an exquisite dinner table decoration, a screen with brocaded panels and blotters.

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A Question of Time.

"Something ought to be done about Hammersmith," said Chappie. "I saw him the other morning with a dress suit on."

"Hammersmith? In the morning? Dress suit? You must be mistaken. What time was it?"

"Two-thirty a. m."—Harper's Bazar.

A Stalk of Rhubarb.

A stalk of rhubarb grown by George Cruickshanks and exhibited at George H. Randel's market measured eight inches in circumference and weighed two pounds and four ounces.—Pittsburg Sentinel.